Maid. Thats hereby.
Ar. I know where it is ſituate.
Ma. Lord how wiſe you are.
Ar. I will tell thee wonders.
Ma. With that face.
Ar. I loue thee.
Ma. So I heard you ſay.
Ar. And ſo farewell.
Ma. Faire weather after you.
Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*
Ar. Villaine, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
Clo. Well ſir I hope when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomacke.
Ar. Thou ſhalt be heauely puniſhed.
Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.
Ar. Take away this villaine, ſhut him vp.
Boy. Come you tranſgreſſing ſlaue, away.
Clo. Let me not be pent vp ſir, I will faſt being looſe.
Boy. No ſir, that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.
Clo. Well, if euer I do ſee the merry dayes of deſolation that I haue ſeene, ſome ſhall ſee.
Boy. What ſhall ſome ſee?
Clo. Nay nothing M. *Moth*, but what they looke vppon. It is not for priſoners to be too ſilent in their wordes, and therfore I will ſay nothing: I thanke God I haue as litle patience as an other man, & therfore I can be quiet. *Exit.*
Arm. I do affect the verie ground (which is baſe) where her ſhoo (which is baſer) guided by her foote (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworne (which is a great argument of falſehood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falſely attempted? Loue is a familiar; Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill angel but Loue, yet was *Sampſon* ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength: Yet was *Salomon* ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* Butſhaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubb, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniards Rapier: The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerue my

my turne: the *Paſſado* he reſpects not, the *Duella* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to ſubdue men. Adue Valoure, ruſt Rapier, be ſtill Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he loueth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporall God of Rime, for I am ſure I ſhall turne Sonnet. Deuiſe Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

Enter the Princeſſe of Fraunce, with three attending Ladies and three Lordes.

Boyet. Now Maddame ſummon vp your deareſt ſpirrits,
Conſider who the King your father ſendes:
To whom he ſendes, and whats his Embaſſie,
Your ſelfe, helde precious in the worldes eſteeme,
To parlee with the ſole inheritoure
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchles *Nauar*, the plea of no leſſe weight,
Then *Aquitaine* a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all Deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When ſhe did ſtarue the generall world beſide,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.
Queene. Good L. *Boyet*, my beautie though but meane,
Needes not the painted floriſh of your prayſe:
Beautie is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttred by baſe ſale of chapmens tongues:
I am leſſe proude to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending your Wit in the prayſe of mine.
But now to taſke the taſker, good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant all telling fame
Doth noyſe abroad *Nauar* hath made a Vow,
Till painefull ſtudie ſhall outweare three yeeres,
No Woman may approch his ſilent Court:
Therefore to's ſeemeth it a needfull courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthines, we ſingle you,